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Music.

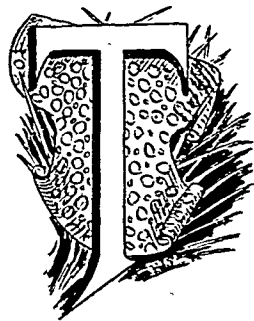
BY JAMES BARRY.

**M**S fades the last star from the blue-gray sky,  
Though struggling still to show its golden head,  
Before the glorious sun, who, from his bed  
Beyond the mist-clad Eastern hills doth hie,  
So earthly cares and joys and sorrows die  
When music enters with elastic tread:  
The soul, replenished with high thoughts, is led  
Into heroic realms and regions high.

Ah, Music! Comest thou from Him above?  
Reflectest thou His moods of joy and grief  
When mortals please or give offence? Art thou  
The universal premier that doth move  
The earth, the moon, the stars, the sun, their chief?  
Before thee do the angels also bow?

Œdipus in Sophocles.

JOHN S. SCHOPP.



**T**HERE are three celebrated names closely connected and interwoven with the life and history of the Greek drama—Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides. The natural law of progress in the literary taste of Greek tragedy may be easily traced in the works of these three dramatic poets. They seem—as the leading minds of their age, succeeding each other at such intervals as to occupy a period of three generations—to be the representatives and

directors of popular taste in its gradual growth and development. The mysterious and supernatural wonders of Æschylus are followed by the dignified and heroic, but nevertheless natural, characters of Sophocles; and these, in their turn, give place to the romance of private everyday life in its domestic relations, the unexaggerated picture of manners in the characters of Euripides. Sophocles represented men as they ought to be; Euripides, as they really are.

It is but a step from Æschylus, the father of Greek tragedy, to Sophocles; yet the step involves an immense change, not only in the man, but also in the age. Instead of the rough son of Mars, the hero of Marathon, we have the graceful and artistic poet, skilled in weaving plots and delineating character. The change is like passing from storm to sunshine. The wild imagery, the unearthly and sublime conceptions, the heroes and heroines, human indeed, but magnified to colossal proportions, and with the passions of the Titans who scaled Olympus—all these have disappeared; in their stead the scene is occupied by creations of flesh and blood, with human sympathies and affections, true and real in character, because their types are taken from life. So true is he to nature, so gradual in the development of each legend, however monstrous or repulsive it may be, that we have no other alternative but to believe and sympathize.

As to the personal character of Sophocles: he was liberally endowed with those qualities of mind and natural gifts which insure success—genius and beauty. He loved the graceful in everything; and it was this innate good taste which made him passionately fond of music. Often, no doubt, while with lyre in hand he

woke sweet echoes in the solitude of some sacred grove, did he catch the inspirations of those beautiful choral odes we admire so much in all his plays, but above all in his "Antigone." We, in our cold climate, can hardly appreciate the effect which music produced on the enthusiastic Greek temperament. It was the character of the Greek to delight in what pleased the eye and charmed the ear. It is this spirit of beauty which breathes through every play of Sophocles. With an ear attuned to the most delicate cadences of verse; a taste chastened by the exquisite models of poetry, eloquence and sculpture which the age of Pericles produced; with a judgment ripened by close study of the springs of human action, he came forward in his twenty-fifth year as a rival of Æschylus at the great festival of Bacchus, when the prizes for tragedy were awarded. The judges unanimously decided in favor of Sophocles; and Æschylus, it is said, humiliated by the defeat, left Athens and went into exile.

A first success is everything in literature, and Sophocles, like many others after him, found himself famous in a day. For forty years he was left undisputed master of the Greek drama. So prolific was his genius that he is said to have composed upwards of a hundred tragedies. Of these but seven are extant.

Now, to understand the hidden principle of the Sophoclean tragedies, that which rendered them characteristic of the age and the poet, we must inquire what peculiarities of Greek education and spirit stamped them with their proper character. The poet fell in with the change that had come over the spirit of his time. The generation of Æschylus had been content to believe implicitly all that Homer and their poets had taught them. They saw around themselves traces of some mysterious force whose agency and purpose they were powerless to explain; and so they made a god of this destiny or necessity, and called it Nemesis. She was, in truth, a jealous deity, causing the rich and prosperous to founder like a vessel on a sunken reef, and in one short day changing their joy to sorrow. It was in vain to attempt to coax or cajole this capricious power by tears or offerings. History had taught men the uselessness of such bribes. Polycrates had thrown his precious ring into the sea; Croesus had filled the treasury of Delphi with his gold; but no sacrifice or libation could save a man's soul from Death, and "on Death alone of all divinities, Persuasion had no power." Even Herodotus, the most

pious of historians, draws the obvious moral from the downfall of kings and the overthrow of empires: "Envy," says he, "clings to all that mortal is. . . . Even a god cannot escape from Destiny."

Such was the creed of which Æschylus was a fitting exponent. With him the Furies are the satellites of Fate, and it is their eternal duty to pursue the murderer till death and even after death. Prometheus defies the lightning; he is proof against all suffering, but he bows to Destiny. Gradually, however, the Greek mind expanded, and as the Athenians grew adventurous, they also grew more self-reliant. They doubted and questioned where they had before been content to shudder and believe. They attributed more to themselves and less to the blind agency of Destiny; and thus, in this progress of rationalism, there resulted that momentous change in thought, represented by the transition in history from Herodotus to Thucydides, and in poetry from Æschylus to Sophocles.

With this new generation man is no longer bound hand and foot, powerless to move against his inevitable fate. He has liberty of choice in action, and by his vices he has made himself what he is. It is not so much a malignant power tormenting men in sheer envy at their wealth or happiness; but it is men themselves who "play the fool with the times; while the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds and mock them." A long train of disastrous consequences often follows from a single impious speech or guilty deed. Thus the idea of destiny passes into that of retribution. Punishment surely follows sin, if not in a man's life, yet descending like an heirloom of misery upon his children. In fact, Sophocles seems to have asked himself the question put by Nisus to Euryalus in the Æneid, and to have answered it in his treatment of men in their relations to God.

"Dine hunc ardorem mentibus addunt,  
Euryale, an sua cuique deus fit dira cupido?"

Sophocles, in each of his plays, shows how passion works out its own end, whether it be the pride of Œdipus, the stubbornness of Creon, or the jealousy of Dejanira. All these passions are simple and natural; there are in him no eccentricities of genius, no abnormal mental states, such as furnish the material of many modern dramas. The Greek would not have understood the melancholy of Hamlet or the madness of Lear; still less would he have entered into the spirit of Timon's exclamation:

"I am misanthropos, and hate mankind!"

Proceeding in this manner, Sophocles has, in his "*Œdipus Tyrannus*"—the first play of the trilogy, which we wish to consider briefly—represented one of the finest and noblest conceptions of human life. No tragedy in history or in fiction can equal the horror of the tale of *Œdipus*. The plot is so simple as to be told in a few words. An oracle foretells that *Œdipus* shall slay his father and be married to his mother. Against his own will and knowledge, he fulfils his destiny. By a sudden reverse of fortune we see a man, to all appearance as wise as Solomon and as blameless as Job, hurled into an abyss of misery and despair; and this by a chain of circumstances of whose real import he is unconscious until the final catastrophe. We are carried back to the same mythic period, with no pretence to historical date, to which Shakspeare transports us in his kindred play, "*Lear*," when men's passions were at blood heat, and when atrocious crimes were followed by still more cruel vengeance. *Œdipus* might well say with *Lear* that "the best and soundest of his time had been but rashness."

Laius, king of Thebes, took for his wife Jocasta, but she bore him no children. Then, in his distress, he sought help from the god of Delphi, and the oracle declared that a son should be born to him, but by the hands of this son he should die. No sooner is the child born than his mother cruelly commands him to be carried to the mountains and left there to perish. But a shepherd finds the child, and, moved with pity, carries it to his master Polybus, king of Corinth. Polybus adopts him as his own son, and so *Œdipus* grows up to manhood, never doubting that he is the son and heir of Polybus.

In the mean time king Laius of Thebes had grown old, and thirty years after his child had been exposed in the mountains he made a second pilgrimage to Apollo's shrine at Delphi. At this time *Œdipus* had also left Corinth, and chance or destiny brought him to his native land. It was on his wanderings to Thebes that he encountered Laius with his retinue on their way to Delphi, near the spot where three ways met. Laius, who is seated in his chariot, forces *Œdipus* out of the road; blows follow insults; and *Œdipus*, in his exasperation at being thus attacked, slew Laius without being conscious that it was his own father whom he had murdered. Only one of the servants escaped to tell the tale, and he afterwards becomes a witness against *Œdipus*.

Proceeding on his way, he comes upon the Sphinx which had its abode not far from Thebes. The monster proposed a riddle that no Theban could solve, and the life of a citizen was the penalty for every failure. So terrible was the visitation, that the crown of Thebes was offered to anyone who could unravel the enigma and save the state. At this crisis *Œdipus* comes to the rescue. He successfully solves the riddle, and the Thebans in gratitude make him king. He marries Jocasta, the former queen, and by her he has both sons and daughters. For some years all goes well with *Œdipus*. He was happy in the affections of his family and in the loyalty of his subjects. Heaven and earth must now bear witness against him. Heaven speaks first.

For some unknown cause, the wrath of the gods fell heavy upon the state, and every source of life was blasted with that curse which was believed to follow upon crime. Thebes groaned under the worst plagues that once smote the land of Egypt. The whole city was "full of the dead." The people in their sorrow and despair turn to *Œdipus*, their former savior, for help and consolation. It is in this hour of dire distress, this general panic, that the play opens.

*Œdipus* has long pondered over all possible means of deliverance and has even sent Creon, the brother of the queen, to consult the oracle of Delphi. This time Apollo has spoken plainly. It is the guilt of innocent blood which troubles the land. Laius had been foully murdered by unknown hands; and until the murderer was banished, or blood repaid by blood, there should be neither peace nor rest for the Thebans. The unhappy king is now borne along on the irresistible current of events which interlock with so logical an accuracy as to leave no escape possible. Link after link in the fatal chain of evidence is closed about him, and every explanation of his to Jocasta and the Chorus only makes it clearer that the words of Teiresias, the blind seer, have been but too true.

At this point begins the dénouement of the plot, which is cited by critics as a model of judgment and skill in the selection and combination of the incidents. The denunciation of *Œdipus* against the unknown criminal, so worded from the first as to apply peculiarly to himself; the ambiguous response brought by Creon from the oracle; the reluctant compliance of Teiresias with the first summons of the king, as though he were constrained by some mysterious agency; his subsequent vehemence of prophetic indignation; the profane and arrogant exultation which bursts from Jocasta, the

queen, on the apparent falsity of the oracle by the death of Polybus, the supposed father of Œdipus; the faint, solitary hope to which the unfortunate king clings in that pause of agonizing suspense while he is awaiting the arrival of the Theban slave; the resistless and overwhelming conviction which flashes on his soul at the clear testimony of this last fatal witness;—all these are circumstances described with such thrilling power, so rapidly leading to the disentanglement of the plot, so logically united, that the interest does not flag for a single moment, till with bated breath the crisis is reached,

"Nec requies nec mora."

True to the principle of the Greek drama, that horrors should not be acted before the eyes of the audience, the rest of the story is told by messengers. Jocasta, in rage and despair, has hanged herself in the fatal bridal chamber. There Œdipus finds her, his wife and his mother, tears her body down, and wrenching the golden brooches from her dress, he plunges the sharp points into the pupils of his eyes and so condemns himself to perpetual darkness. Well might the messenger say at the close of his speech that in the tragedy which he had just recounted,

"Wailing and woe and death and shame, all forms  
That man can name of evil, none have failed."

The palace doors are rolled back, and Œdipus comes forward with wild gestures, the gore still streaming from his eyes that are "irrevocably dark amid the blaze of noon." The Chorus, horror-stricken, cannot endure the sight. Pity and consolation are out of place in the presence of such misery as his. Then he breaks out into passionate self-reproach, as he recalls with remorseful tenderness those old, familiar scenes of youth—

"All fair outside, all rotten at the core"—

the woodlands of Cithæron, the court of Polybus, and that "narrow pass where three ways met." No guilt or misery, he declares, can be like his. Let them, then, drive him forth from the city of his fathers, and let them hide him forever from the sight of men. He has but one request to make—that pity be shown to his two daughters, Antigone and Ismene, who are left desolate. Embracing them tenderly, he dwells upon the dreary life that must await them, destitute of a parent's love or a husband's affection. In conclusion the Chorus, turning to the spectators, bids them take a lesson from the misfortunes of Œdipus who, more than any other prince, had

"Trod the paths of greatness,  
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor."

Here ends "Œdipus the King" as Sophocles has presented it to us. "Never," has it been said, "was there a tale more affecting than that of Œdipus, and never was it told more pathetically than by Sophocles." The master-spirit of the great poet has tempered the revolting details of the plot with so much pure, human feeling, such pathetic and redeeming benevolence, that our sympathy is never checked for an instant by abhorrence, nor superseded by disgust. We forget the crimes of Œdipus in his misfortune; nor do we so much regard the parricide as the dethroned monarch, the blind, self-devoted and despairing outcast, the affectionate and miserable father. In what different colors does not Sophocles present him to us towards the close from those in which we beheld him at the opening scene! Indeed, there is almost the same versatile play of passion in Œdipus which Shakspeare has thrown into Macbeth. We are, then, but too ready to grant the full meed of admiration to the genius of the poet who has known how to reduce consistently the magnificent, boastful, self-reliant king, the conscious prop of the State, to the abject, cowering slave of Fate, plucking out his eyes with his own hands. How wonderfully conformable is all this to the analysis of everyday life! An event of slight importance often changes the destinies of a life.

Years are supposed to have passed since the curtain fell on the horrors of the preceding tragedy. In the first burst of his despair, the one wish of Œdipus had been to leave Thebes and bury himself far from the haunts of men in the solitude of the desert. But an oracle forced him to remain on the scene, of his crimes. Time, however, gradually cooled his passion and taught him resignation. Life once more gave him a taste of pleasure in the tender affection of his daughters; and it seemed as if the gods themselves had relented and allowed him to die in peace. But Creon, his successor on the throne, with the consent and at the suggestion of the two sons of Œdipus, Eteocles and Polynices, drove the aged and blind king forth from Thebes, to be a wanderer over the face of the earth.

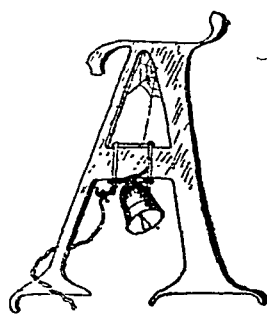
And so he left his native city, bitterly denouncing the ingratitude of his sons, and praying that sooner or later they might feel the weight of a father's curse. The daughters proved kinder than the sons. Ismene, indeed, remained at Thebes, but her heart was with her

father in his exile; while Antigone, with unflinching affection guided his steps from city to city. For many months did they wander, dependent on the liberality of strangers, until they reached the spot where the play opens, the village of Colonus, near Athens, the birthplace of the poet. What a contrast is shown here even in the opening lines of the play between Œdipus, the king and Œdipus, the exile! It is as great as that between Lear in his palace and Lear in the hovel on the heath. The hot and furious temper has been chastened; the proud heart has been humbled to the dust. "Œdipus the Great," as he had termed himself to the admiring Thebans, is no more. We see instead a blind and helpless outcast, clothed in rags, leaning on the arm of his affectionate daughter. But he has gained more than he has lost. He has acquired peace and serenity of mind. "He is conscious of a charmed life, safe from the malice of men and the accidents of nature, and reserved by the gods for the accomplishment of high purposes."

(Conclusion next week).

### The Recluse of Sunnyside.

BY FRANCIS EVANSON.



AMERICAN literature, in its beginning and growth, bears a marked resemblance to American government. For many years it was bound by certain restrictions; the customs and opinions of the time had been so rigidly established that it seemed impossible to cast them aside. Moreover, the people, struggling against the exactions of a British Parliament, had little time for anything else. For the student of literature it is not only necessary to study the causes and manners of subsequent changes; he must also know something of the life and character of the men who brought them about.

The first among the writers of America to create a new form in literature was Washington Irving. To him, with liberty of speech, came freedom of expression. Franklin, Freneau, and Brown had, indeed, anticipated this; but it remained for Irving to place it on a firm basis.

Born in the city of New York, his father of

Scotch descent, his mother an Englishwoman, he showed in his boyhood literary taste and ability, but was not a precocious lad. Like his playmates, who were the boys in the neighborhood, he thought that a little mischief was an effectual remedy to arouse a dormant spirit or to counteract a restless feeling. The words of his mother, "Ah, Washington, if you were only good!" must not lead us to think that he was a bad boy, but that she was a careful and loving parent.

When quite young, about the age of sixteen, he left the common school, and at once commenced his active career; but he did not cease his educational pursuits. Diligently going through a select course of reading, he gained that exquisite knowledge, which gives so much lustre and beauty to his works. With the power of close research he combined that of keen observation. It was not necessary for him to leave the valley of the Hudson, to seek food for thought; it was there in abundance, and no one knew this better than himself. However, when circumstances compelled him to go into a strange country, he did not forget to notice the life about him.

At the age of nineteen, under the pen name of Jonathan Oldstyle, he began to write for his brother's paper. These contributions were not continued long. Owing to a slight malady of the lungs he was forced to live for a time in the more favorable climate of Europe. His health being fully restored, he returned to his native country in 1806, and three years later published "Knickerbocker's History of New York." Previous to this time he was the editor of *Salmagundi*, a periodical describing in a half satirical, half humorous way, the customs of the times. But it was by his "History of New York" that he gained a reputation and the recognition of the great literary men of the time, among them Sir Walter Scott, who praised the work very highly. A great burlesque, it is full of witty sayings, and at the time showed that American humor had a quality of its own. Dietrick Knickerbocker, the assumed author, is an eccentric old fellow. He travels about in search of material for his great book, neglecting to pay his bills, and exciting the wonder of people in general. Finally, for what reason is not known, he leaves his landlord without giving notice, and his great history of New York is published in order to cancel the indebtedness. This, from the preliminary advertisement by the author, is an example of his humor. There are chapters in the history, which



are not altogether interesting, still they are far from being tedious. At times we may think Irving serious when satirizing dignified personages; but then even his own ancestors and their friends are not spared. Knowing well the spirit of the writer, his early training and surroundings, we overlook this. Wouter van Twiller, one of the many important figures in the New Netherlands, is an ingenious character. Like his fellow-citizens, his name had some signification, meaning "Doubter," a title well fitted to the bearer. "He was exactly five feet six inches in height, and six feet five inches in circumference. His head was a perfect square, and of such stupendous dimensions that Dame Nature, with all her sex's ingenuity, would have been puzzled to construct a neck capable of supporting it; wherefore, she wisely declined the attempt, and settled it firmly on the top of his backbone, just between the shoulders."

Irving's life, until his retirement to Sunnyside, was a rather unsettled one. For a time he practised law, but was not successful. After the war of 1812, during which he served as an aide to Governor Tompkins, he left for Europe, remaining there seventeen years. Here, in 1819, was published the "Sketch Book," a masterpiece of English literature. Humorous and pathetic, the most commonplace subjects are treated in such a simple, pleasing style, that they become dignified. As for the more stately one, "Westminster Abbey," he throws into his very words the solemn grandeur of this magnificent edifice. In "Rip Van Winkle" humor and pathos are combined in a way that evinces a wonderful power of description.

During his residence in Madrid, having been commissioned to make some translations from the Spanish, he collected the material for those interesting sketches of Spain, including a "Life of Columbus," "The Alhambra," and "Spanish Papers." Written in the characteristic style of his former works, they are to Spain what his American sketches are to America; and truly deserve a place among his select works.

Through his long literary life Irving at all times showed a great fondness for pen-names. They were, indeed, characteristic of the real author, and seemed to bear some relation to the books they claimed. All had been popular; but the one which seems to have gained lasting fame is Geoffrey Crayon, Gentleman. It was under this pseudonym that "The Crayon Miscellany" was published—a volume containing, together with a few European sketches, his experience in the West, the author having made

an extensive tour through the western country, shortly after his return from London where he had acted as secretary of the legation.

Personally, Irving is described as a man of medium height and a trifle robust. His eyes were dark grey, his forehead broad and full; which with the genial smile that so often lighted up his countenance, gave to him an attractive appearance. He had a handsome straight nose, and a small mouth. His cheerful and cultured manner, for he was a true gentleman, made him friends wherever he went. It is remarked that Bryant, while in Spain, was approached by a distinguished Spaniard who said: "Why is it your Government does not send to this court Washington Irving, a man whom all Spain venerates, admires and loves?" In his own land he was equally popular. At a reception, given by the President, Dickens, who was among the guests, was scarcely recognized; but the announcement of Mr. Irving's appearance created no little stir; for all were anxious to see the American who stood among the best writers of the century. These little incidents, showing in what esteem he was held by the people, were far from being a pleasure to the author, who disliked being lionized. It was a greater comfort for him to be among a few select companions, when he would speak freely, keeping them in continuous merriment.

As a public speaker, Irving was far from successful. Moreover, he never showed any desire to become an orator; content with believing, no doubt, that orators and poets are born not made. However, his prominence often placed him in a predicament. At a dinner given in honor of Dickens in New York, Irving was chosen to preside, and was also named to make the address. Feeling the responsibility of his position, he carefully wrote out his speech, and then learnt it well. Still confidence was wanting. Even after placing the paper under his plate he was not content; for occasionally turning to those near him, he would remark: "I shall break down, I know it." Finally the time came; he arose and proceeded gracefully; but success was too much; in the midst of his speech he suddenly paused; unable to go on, he took his seat, and turning to a friend, repeated: "I told you I should break down, and I've done it." Though a failure, those present were inclined to admire him the more for it.

Our author, it seems, was often influenced by moods; and really we find occurrences in his life which show this to be true. One dreary

Sunday, walking with his brother over Westminster bridge, he began to relate some of the old Dutch stories heard in his boyhood. "Why would they not be a good subject for a book?" came to his mind. The next day, sitting in his little room, he wrote out "Sleepy Hollow."

The student who wishes to study style cannot afford to pass Irving by without careful thought. Addison was clear, simple and elegant; Irving, though he did not possess these qualities in an equal degree, succeeded in adding greater accuracy and more spirit to such an extent as to create a new style. The schoolmaster with hands that dangled a mile out of his sleeves; the Old Angler of whom he reflects, "How comforting it is to see a cheerful and contented old age, and to behold a poor fellow like this after being tempest-tossed through life, safely moored in a snug and quiet harbor in the evening of his days!" are examples of his power. "Bracebridge Hall," "Spanish Papers," and "Crayon Miscellany" contain many such sketches.

It seems impossible to make a correct study of this author's works, without some knowledge of his life: his boyhood days, when he wrote essays for his companions, who in turn aided him in mathematics; his youthful fancies when he half made up his mind to become a painter; finally his active life, and last his retirement at Sunnyside. Above all, he should receive the admiration and attention of young Americans who aspire to literary attainments. Though lacking the classical learning of Hawthorne, he has shown what can be accomplished by a careful inquiry of the best authors.

Having reached the height of fame, and possessed of a goodly income, he longed to realize the dreams of childhood: to go back to the valley of the Hudson and pass his remaining days in silence. Leaving his native city of New York, he went to Sunnyside, the home which he describes as being the oldest edifice of its size in the whole country. Here he lived until his death, in 1859, after a happy bachelor life of seventy-six years. It was in this retreat, he finished, as a crowning work to his labors, the life of George Washington a fit tribute to the man whose name he bore.

THE first use of education is to enable us to consult with the wisest and the greatest men on all points of earnest difficulty; and to use books rightly is to go to them for help; to appeal to them when our own knowledge and power of thought fails.—*Ruskin.*

### Trifles Light as Air.

EXACTLY!

When sulphuretted hydrogen  
Develops in an egg,  
We know that the Bacillus,  
That looks just like a keg,  
And his cousins, micrococci,  
Who are so shy and foxy,  
Are trying like the d——l  
To change the chemic level—of the egg.  
P. J. F.

IN-CIVILITY.

An engineer one afternoon  
Was lev'ling up a line;  
He whistled, for 'twas nearly June,  
And he was feeling fine.

All joy soon passed from this sad vale,  
The birds soon ceased to sing;  
The instrument was rather frail—  
He broke the darn old thing.

As waves strike on a ship at sea,  
So harsh words struck our ear,  
And some one asked, "Can that man be  
A civil engineer?"  
C. C. F.

TEMPORA MUTANTUR AT—

A month ago, when all the world was joyous,  
And sunshine, robin-summoned, filled the air,  
The publishers who, now and then, employ us  
Ordered a ten-line "lyric of despair."

And now, when sunshine, spring and birds have vanished,  
And dismal, pouring rain drives thought away,  
The message comes, "All heavy stuff we've banished,  
So try a triolet or two for May."  
D. V. C.

HONOR.

My honor's a gem I much prize,  
And none my claim will deny,  
That man is no man, in my eyes,  
(My honor's a gem I much prize!)  
Who my name will blacken with lies,  
And for my honor I'd die:  
My honor's a gem I much prize,  
And none my claim will deny.

F. D. T.

A STRAIN OF MUSIC.

Care-worn and weary, with my heart distressed,  
Last night I sat alone beneath the trees;  
The moonlit scene lay like a dream of ease,  
And yet I sought in vain for aught of rest.  
A bitter sorrow all my thoughts possessed;  
No charm for me was in the perfumed breeze.  
Alas! said I, what is there to appease  
The troubled souls of those by care oppressed?

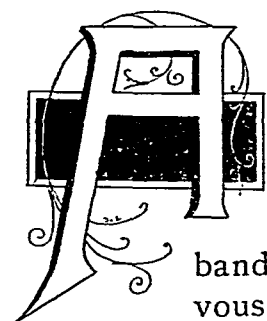
A strain of music broke upon my ear,  
A sympathetic tune that, far off played,  
Came streaming in sweet measures thro' the air.  
I gazed into the moonlight soft and clear,  
And thought from Heaven's gate an angel strayed  
To turn to sweetness all my grief and care.

J. J. R.

## An Incident of the French Revolution.

BY FROST THORN.

## I.



At a time when France was in a state of civil tumult, when everything was in confusion, when outrages and sacrileges were of frequent occurrence, there was organized a gloomy band of men, who had their rendezvous in a still gloomier part of the city of Paris. For months their frightful deeds had struck terror into the bravest hearts. Their crimes were a source of horror. The people feared these men, who called themselves "Les Sacrilèges." Just before that horrible woman had been placed in the Church of Notre Dame they held a meeting. It was usual, at these assemblies, to suggest some deed to be done, darker and more awful than any yet attempted, if such were possible.

One night when the band had assembled, their chief, who had assumed the name of Néron le Terrible, commanded silence. When all was still he slowly and distinctly read his new proposition. His bold audacity astounded even these sin-dyed men, and they held their breath in suspense as they heard their leader's words. He noticed their agitation, and said, half-angrily, half-scornfully: "Have you not despoiled the Church you hate? Are you cowards, then; and do you tremble when I speak?"

The word "cowards" brought the men to their senses, and they began to murmur among themselves; but he quieted them and proceeded to discuss the new sacrilege. The result was that a man was selected to carry out the scheme.

Néron le Terrible gave final directions, before adjourning the meeting. "And now," he said, "you understand?"

"We do," they answered.

"Jean Rénaud," the chief continued, turning to the one chosen for the crime, "follow my directions and all will be well. Go to No. 14, Rue —, show this letter; you will be received as a friend. A young man of strong mind and morals lives there, and he will hear no word against his God. But he is not so strong of body. Become intimate with him, and make him

trust you. And," he went on, leaning forward as he spoke, "at midnight of the day, one week from next Friday, be at the Church of Notre Dame with him. This you know how to do. And then"—a shudder passed over the band of infidels—"do what has been given you to do; all France will tremble—but, enough." He ceased speaking. Again the men shuddered; they seemed terrified.

"You understand?" said Néron.

"I understand," said Jean Rénaud.

## II.

In a modest apartment at No. 14, Rue —, sat two young men; one with calm, peaceful face, trust in God, and goodness shining in his eyes; the other's face was pale, but determined, and his eyes glowed with the light of some fixed resolve.

Jean Rénaud had for the past few days been using all his eloquence and persuasive powers on François Rénan. The latter was a very devout Catholic; and, on account of his extreme piety and religious fervor, had been appointed sexton of Notre Dame. But everybody was disturbed by the violence of the revolution, and heretofore clear minds became lost in the contemplation of the frightful tragedy of life laid out before them. And Rénan did not escape being influenced; not that he feared death; but he naturally became somewhat different from what he had been when Paris was in a state of tranquillity. His comparative youth—he could hardly have been more than twenty-nine—also went a great way to prevent him from continuing as before, and his ignorance of the world placed him in a very insecure position. So, when Jean Rénaud came to visit him his task was not so difficult as it might have been.

The wily ways, irresistible gayety and attractive seriousness of Rénaud soon showed their effects on Rénan. There were but a few days in which to win François, and never was a more skilful and seductive game played than this of Rénaud. In a few days François showed plainly that he liked his new acquaintance, and would often sit long with him, listening to him talking and laughing, and always getting himself more and more in the toils. He seemed to hurry through his duties at the church; the moment he could get away he hastened home, eager to be with Rénaud. Poor, innocent victim! Little did he dream of what was in store for him. He even became so much under the influence of Rénaud, that a few extra glasses of wine were



not thought amiss. And there these two would sit, talking and drinking their wine, until late, when Rénaud would suddenly jump up and exclaim: "How late it is!" He would blame himself for keeping François from his sleep, make apologies, promise to come the next day, and go away with a cynical smile on his lips, and a fiendish delight in his heart. Well, things went on in this way until the day came when Jean Rénaud was to perform his duty. He went into François' room with his usual hypocritically polite manner. Very soon he got the young man interested in some subject and his eloquence held François entranced. He followed his friend's example and partook freely of the wine, which went to his head, and made him feel rather more hilarious than usual. At about twenty minutes to twelve, Rénaud got up and put his hat on and gave the other his also. François was so dizzy with the wine that he hardly had sense enough to know what he was doing.

"What are you going to do?" he exclaimed, when he had put on his hat.

"I'll show you very soon," replied Rénaud, "come on; we're going to take a walk." He took the young man's arm, and led him towards Notre Dame, talking to him all the time, playing on what feelings he had left. The cathedral loomed up in the black stillness of the night, like some huge guardsman watching over a doomed city. Jean Rénaud and his companion entered the church; the fitful gleam of the sanctuary lamp before the tabernacle accentuated the utter darkness; "Les Sacrileges" were gathered behind the altar. The two men went up to the altar railing; Rénaud stopped. Rénaud stopped also.

"You must do as I tell you now," said Rénaud. "Come to the altar."

François obeyed. He seemed to have lost all sense of his surroundings and, staggering along, he was like a child in Rénaud's hands.

"Get the steps," continued Rénaud.

Again François obeyed.

"Put them in front of the altar."

This was done.

What he next commanded the young man to do is too horrible to write. Even he trembled as he spoke, and again that terrible shudder passed over "Les Sacrileges." François did not move.

"Fool!" uttered Rénaud.

Even under the powerful influence of Rénaud, and weakened by drink, his soul refused to act.

"Do as I tell you!"—

By a terrible effort that seemed to shake his whole being, François murmured: "I cannot."

Straining every nerve, and placing his hands on François, Rénaud cried in a terrible voice: "Obey me! do my will! I command you!"

François could resist no longer. He placed his foot on the steps, took up the key of the tabernacle, and raised his arm. As the full intensity of this fearful crime flashed upon "Les Sacrileges," they watched with bated breath and shuddered again and again. It was indeed horrible! One could fancy that hell itself stood still, that the infernal demons, crowding to its gates, and peering out in the darkness, gazed spellbound with horror on the man who dared this awful deed; that the lights of Heaven grew dim; that the holy angels hid their faces in their flowing robes.

The sanctuary lamp flickered, and went out, as though afraid to light the scene. The key was in the tabernacle door, and François was about to pull it open, when there came a loud noise that shook the earth;—a flash, and François was hurled to the foot of the altar; and again all was darkness.

On Saturday morning a crowd was gathered in front of Notre Dame. In the midst of a deathlike silence, a man stepped forward and went into the church. The crowd, becoming excited, pushed their way into the sacred building and saw—what?

The door of the tabernacle stood open; on the floor lay François Rénaud, Jean Rénaud and Néron le Terrible. The two "Sacrileges" were dead and François was weak and faint. They carried him out to his home; he could, not or would not, tell the story, and it is still a mystery to Paris.

Several years after the events narrated above a stranger passing through the Chartreuse Monastery was startled by a voice exclaiming, in tones of anguish: *Mea culpa, mea culpa, mea maxima culpa!* turning to see whence the voice proceeded, he saw a man kneeling on the floor and striking his breast. It was François Rénaud, dressed in the habit of a friar. The stranger's footsteps aroused the monk, who turned towards him and rose as if to go. His face bore marks of the deepest grief and suffering. He was thin and bowed down, more by his sufferings than by years. He made the Sign of the Cross, kissed the crucifix he had in his hand, and hurried away. When the stranger left the monastery, he gave his guide some silver and said: "For a Mass for penitent souls."

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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—We regret that we could not secure in time for publication this week a portrait of Father O'Connell. We hope to be able to present to our readers a good likeness of the deceased in our next issue.

—We shall publish next week an article from a European journal relating to Notre Dame. The writer's impressions of an American university are certainly unique and will, we are certain, make interesting reading.

—This year marks the golden jubilee of Notre Dame. Extensive preparations had been on foot for its proper celebration, but owing to the severe losses she has sustained by deaths during the past year it has been deemed advisable to postpone the commemoration of this great event until next year.

—During the coming week two members of the Faculty, the Rev. Messrs. Cavanaugh and Ill, will be elevated to the dignity of the priesthood. We bespeak the prayers of our readers, that Almighty God may bestow upon them His choicest blessings and that they may live long to be ornaments to the Catholic clergy.

## Laid to Rest.

THE heartfelt grief of those who assembled to pay the last sad tribute of respect to the memory of the Rev. John A. O'Connell spoke more eloquently than words of the esteem in which he was held. For upwards of thirty years had his life been spent at Notre Dame, and during that period he was known to scores of admirers and acquaintances. He made many friends and never had an enemy. Amiable of disposition, with a kind word for all, he saw in others only the reflection of his own goodness, and was never known to judge another harshly. His sympathetic and unselfish nature drew to him a host of friends, who found in him a true counsellor and helper. In his death Notre Dame loses a zealous priest and an able instructor, whilst all those who could appreciate his true worth mourn for a loving friend.

Father O'Connell was born in the city of New York, on the 20th of September, 1850, and was consequently at the time of his death but forty-three years of age. His elementary training was pursued under the careful direction of his pious parents. He early developed a marked taste for study. Naturally of a quiet, retiring disposition, the peace of the sanctuary attracted him, and he found especial delight in assisting the priest at the altar. It was with the intention of studying for the sacred ministry that he came to Notre Dame in 1862, where he surprised all by the maturity of his mind as well as by his remarkable talents. He applied himself to study with the same quiet determination which marked his other actions; was advanced rapidly from class to class, and finally graduated in June 1867 the youngest alumnus at that time of *Alma Mater*. During his college career he won the admiration and respect of professors and students alike. Probably no undergraduate, before or since, showed such a marked predilection for philosophical studies. He took a leading part in all public entertainments of the literary society which numbered him on its rolls, was a member of the Band, and, in fine, identified himself prominently with all the other student organizations. Assured that the priesthood was his vocation he determined to join the Congregation of the Holy Cross, and accordingly entered the Novitiate in June, 1867. After completing the prescribed course in theology he was appointed a member of the Faculty, a position he occupied until his

death. He proved himself an able Professor and a sympathetic teacher. To him were entrusted the highest classes in Greek and Latin, and for a number of years he taught Philosophy and English Criticism with marked success. He also served as Prefect of Studies and as Vice-President of the University for several terms.

In 1874 he was ordained to the priesthood and shortly afterwards was appointed chaplain of the convent at Notre Dame. How he succeeded as a spiritual guide, the grief of the good Sisters who mourn his death well attests. He was an impressive and thoughtful preacher, and his sweetness of disposition and kindness of heart irresistibly drew souls to Christ. In 1882 he assumed the direction of the SCHOLASTIC, and to him is due the credit of having raised it to its present standard. He was also a frequent contributor to the *Ave Maria*, but his modesty prompted him to refuse his signature to any work of his pen.

Father O'Connell had always the appearance of health; and when in December last he retired to the Infirmary no special alarm was felt; for it was thought that he was suffering from some passing indisposition. But as the days lengthened into weeks, and there was no perceptible change in his condition the doctors advised absolute rest (he had attempted to resume his duties) and change of scene. Accordingly he went to Columbus, O., where the most skilful physicians attended him; but neither medical science nor careful nursing could avail to save him and in deference to his wishes he was brought back to Notre Dame. Here he lingered for three weeks, suffering intense pain, but never allowing a murmur of complaint to escape him, until his holy death on the morning of the 6th inst. His body lay in state in the Presbytery, surrounded by members of the Community. On the morning of the 7th the remains were removed to the Convent chapel where a solemn Mass of Requiem was offered for the repose of his soul at the altar he had served so long and faithfully. It was indeed a touching sight. The coffin was then borne reverently to the college church where it remained until the hour of the funeral. At ten o'clock the Office of the Dead was chanted by the Fathers of the Community and the visiting clergy. The solemn Requiem Mass was sung by Very Rev. Provincial Corby, assisted by Fathers French and Connor as deacon and subdeacon. It was a very sad hour. Everyone seemed to feel that he had lost a dear personal friend in Father O'Connell, and

to the present as well as to the old members of the "Staff" the occasion was peculiarly touching. Some of our oldest editors grew up in their journalistic work under his kind guidance. Rev. Father Hudson preached the funeral sermon. In the course of his discourse, speaking of Father O'Connell's life, the Rev. preacher paid him the following tribute:

"I will not eulogize him for whom we are here to pray. The best that could be spoken of him—all that could be said in his praise—is contained in that declaration of St. James: *Qui non offendit in verbo, perfectus est vir*—'He who offends not in words, the same is a perfect man.' I remember the judgments of God; I know that in His sight the angels of heaven are not pure; I remember that saints who bore the white robe of their baptismal innocence unspotted to the grave, have quaked with fear at the thought of the possible judgments of a God of infinite purity; and yet I believe that there could have been little that was blameworthy in one so careful of speech, that at the dread tribunal he who never judged anyone has met with a favorable sentence. 'Judge not, and ye shall not be judged.' He was indulgent, kind, generous, considerate, merciful; and it is written, 'Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.' Still let us pray that if he be detained in the border land of longing, he may soon be admitted into the paradise of everlasting peace."

After the last absolution had been pronounced, the pall bearers—Fathers Cooney, Johannes, Franciscus, Kirsch, Zahm, and Hudson, his brother priests—bore the remains down the aisle, and the mournful procession silently wended its way to the community cemetery where all that was mortal of good, gentle and generous Father O'Connell was laid to rest. May he rest in peace!

#### RESOLUTIONS OF CONDOLENCE.

WHEREAS, It has pleased Divine Providence, in His infinite goodness and wisdom to remove from earth the Reverend John A. O'Connell, C. S. C., and,

WHEREAS, We, the members of the SCHOLASTIC Staff, by daily contact with him, had learned to love him for his gentleness and simplicity, and to honor him for his profound learning, be it

RESOLVED, That we deeply deplore his death, and sympathize with our *Alma Mater*, one of whose sons he also was, in the great loss she has sustained; and be it further

RESOLVED, That these resolutions be engrossed on the record of the Staff, and that the same be printed in the SCHOLASTIC.

ERNST F. DU BRUL,  
HUGH A. O'DONNELL,  
DANIEL V. CASEY,—Committee.

## Special Lectures for Geologists.

**L**AST Tuesday morning the Geology class of the University was treated to a most interesting and carefully prepared lecture on "The Different Ages of Geology" by the Rev. A. M. Kirsch, C. S. C. The lecturer has made science in general his specialty and in particular that of geology. He spoke of the changes in the conditions of the climate and life during the advancement of the earth's evolution, beginning with the Archean time. His talk proved very entertaining and instructive, especially so, since it was accompanied by stereopticon views which illustrated the several topics of the lecture.

Father Kirsch said that the earth was once nothing but than an immense accumulation of dense vapor and gas. This grew denser and denser until it eventually became a molten mass of matter surrounded by heavy vapor clouds, some rising in the form of steam and others falling in rain on the earth. Gradually the surface of the great fiery ball became cooled on account of the large amount of water falling upon it from the clouds, and a crust of small depth was thus made. The earth was now completely covered with water. But God's voice commanding that there be light, caused the sun to pierce through the dense clouds which enveloped the earth and dried up some of the water—entirely, in some places—flowing over the whole surface. Now life on the earth began, and rocks were made.

In the course of his talk the reverend lecturer said that the pyramids of Egypt speak of thousands of ages before they were built. It is not known how long a time has passed since the creation of the earth to its present appearance, nor even what was the length of each of the ages which geological history points out. The speaker doubted whether Shakspeare really knew the great meaning of those lines when he wrote,—

"All the world's stage,  
And men and women merely players."

The world is indeed a stage and a most solid and perfect one. The great scenes are shifted by the hands of nature and as the plot progresses, everything changes—new life appears, new rocks, new everything. Father Kirsch believes La Place's theory regarding the planetary system to be the most probable. He thinks the earth was once in the shape of a nebula, and that all planets in the same way once filled

the universe. The sun, he said, when it revolved faster threw the planets farther out into space; but now it moves slower, and for that reason we find that Mercury, the last planet made, is nearest the sun. The lecturer thought we might reasonably study the past of our planet from the sun, and look to the future to make our earth much like the moon.

He described how the different forms of the earth's surface came about, and accounts for the conditions of climate and life during the great ages of its history. He concluded by promising his hearers another lecture soon; and before putting away the stereopticon for the day, he kindly showed the young gentlemen some views of local life. Many familiar faces appeared on the screen. Father Kirsch has surely merited the gratitude of the Geology class, as his lecture was both instructive and entertaining.

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The New Football Rules.

**T**HE president of one of our leading universities in his report to the faculty, speaking of college athletics, very forcibly said: "To become brutal and brutalizing is the natural tendency of a sport which involves collisions between players; and the game of football is no exception to the rule." This learned man summed up in a few words the general aspect of football as played in our colleges during the past year. Football has always been rough; but just within the last few years has it become brutal. The old-time open play has disappeared; too many trick mass plays are used, and as a result a great many men have been injured during the past year. The public have demanded a change in the rules. Old football experts and players will not admit that the old rules are inadequate, and say that if these regulations were interpreted correctly there would be no need of a change. But in deference to the popular clamor and public sentiment that has been turned against football because of the flying wedges and momentum mass plays, the colleges have decided to wipe out the disgrace brought about by trick tactics, and to make the game more humane and more the sport of gentlemen. With this end in view, a committee, consisting of delegates from the leading Eastern colleges, met and amended the old regulations.

The wording of the new rules is as follows: "No momentum mass plays shall be permitted;

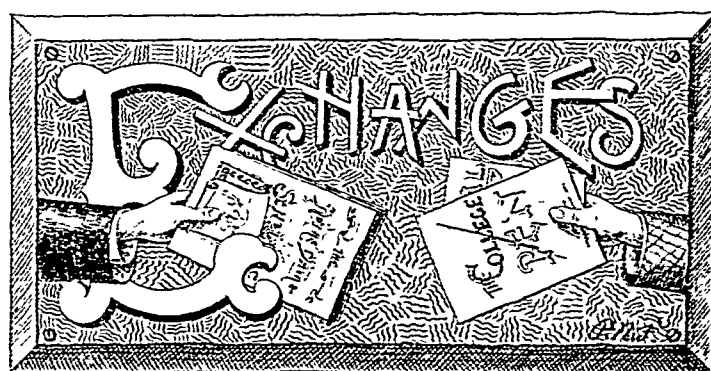
that is, no more than three men shall be allowed to start before the ball is put in play." This rule alone will bring about a great change. More open play will necessarily be introduced, and that is just what is wanted. "The penalty for piling up on a man when down, and for interference with a fair catch shall be a loss of fifteen yards." It will be hard to enforce this rule. The old rule with a smaller penalty was never enforced, and it is hard to understand how an increase in the penalty will operate in its enforcement. Football should be a kicking game. The committee have therefore encouraged drop kicking by shortening the distance of the "kickout." Now when the ball is on or inside the twenty-five yard line, the captain on the *first down* can try for a goal; if he misses, the ball is brought back to the ten, instead of to the twenty-five yard line. Another clause was added that is very important: "Whenever a kick is called for by the rules it must be over ten yards." This means no more dribbling of the ball at the "kickout." This rule in itself will be a great boon to long kicking. The most radical of all the changes is that in regard to scoring. This rule will read as follows:

Goal from touch-down.....	3 points
Goal from field kick.....	3 "
Touch, down fielding goal.....	3 "
Safety by opponents.....	1 "

It will be easily seen that the reward of a goal obtained from the field is increased, and the ratio of values scaled down. Another prominent scoring rule is that which is worded: "In case of a tie, the side which has kicked the greatest number of goals from-touch downs shall have one point added to its score." Under this rule there will be no more draw games. It puts a premium on touch downs with goals over goals from a field kick; but the players would prefer to have the rule in favor of the goals from the field. Under this regulation drop kicking is impeded rather than encouraged. It seems from reports, that the rule was introduced tentatively, in order to sound the opinion of players in general. The delays in games made for the purpose of allowing men who are injured to retire, or made by those who pretend to be, in order to gain rest and time, have been reduced from five minutes to three, no matter what the cause may be. All penalties have been increased; for instance those for "holding in the line" and "off side play," have been increased from five to ten yards' loss. Another rule that seems some-

what obscure, and will be the cause of much dispute among players is: "A goal from the field shall not be vitiated by offside play or by a foul by opponents." Its object is plainly to have more kicking. It will certainly be encouraging, but its interpretation will cause trouble. These are the most important changes, and the committee deserve the sincere thanks of all college athletes for their painstaking efforts. In the committee were men who have made football what it is, and who made its first rules. To assure the success of the new regulations they have all pledged themselves to do their utmost to have officials enforce all rules as stringently as possible. With this new start our game will become clean and pure, and return to its deserving popularity.

J. F.



The *Phoenixian* invites exchange editors into a quiet nook, sits them down and gives them a plain talk on their duties to college journalism. We had always supposed that we were important; but that we were to be a mighty factor in upraising the standard of college journalism never occurred to us. But the *Phoenixian* assures us that we are, and, of course, she should know. We begin to perceive that we have taken a serious occupation too lightly; and although we are not guilty of many of the stupid mistakes our mentor enumerates, we are arraignable on other counts. We feel deeply contrite for our past faults and promise to do better in future, dear *Phoenixian*, indeed we do.

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Rarely do we find an academy representative equal to *St. Mary's Chimes*. The exquisite beauty of its poetry and the purity of its literary tone are far superior to the average journals issuing from convent schools. A symposium in the last number on the "Convent-bred Girl" makes it plain that our fair sisters value highly the



training they are receiving. Would that there were more young ladies sent forth from convents every year to better the world by their sweetness and gentleness!

\* \* \*

The exchange editor of the *Dial* is really lofty this month—yes, lofty. He would have the managing editor of a college paper “make his remarks coincide more with the object of literary journals and give his views on subjects tending to impart to the students a better knowledge of literature.” Well, now! du say! We had thought that the college journal was for the students in general, and that the editorial columns should reflect every phase of college life; moreover, we were under the impression that a managing editor catered to the literary tastes of his subscribers if he saw that the essays, reviews, sketches, etc., in his columns could lay some claim to being good English. And so we’ve been mistaken, and the *Dial* attempts to put us to rights on this point. Well, we must confess that the correction comes with bad grace from one who prints a book-review under the heading of “exchanges.”

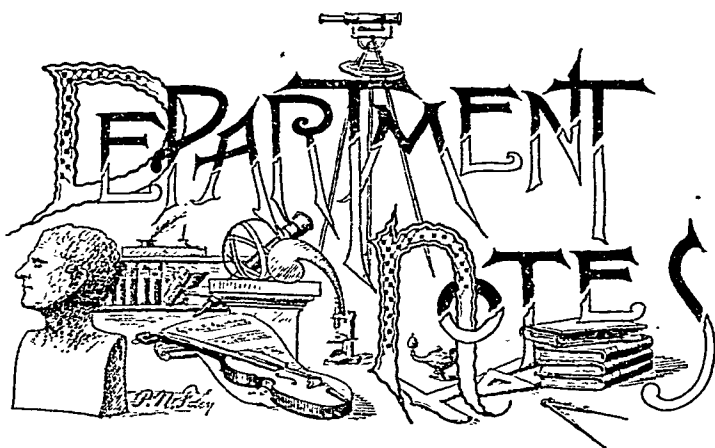
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’Tis a hard matter to eradicate national superstitions. A belief in premonitions of calamity or joy obtains with all peoples; and, ridicule the old housewife omens as we will, few there are who have not been impressed by them. A writer in the current issue of *King’s College Record*, whilst openly sneering at “old women’s stories,” relates two instances of premonition little short of the marvellous. He is plainly imbued with a deep religious feeling, and is confident that his narrative is above reproach. He’ll pardon us, however, for doubting all of his first story. You see, we too have been upon the “deep,” and though all our companions heard sounds dark and foreboding we were unconscious of spooks. We wore a blue ribbon and were not perturbed.

\* \* \*

Some weeks ago we called the *Holcad’s* attention to the contradiction involved in the statements that the Catholic Church is the uncompromising enemy of altruism, and that Father Damien was the highest type of the altruist. We still maintain that these assertions placed together are contradictory, notwithstanding the denial of such an eminent journal as the *Holcad*. Father Damien’s mission to Molokai was inspired by the Catholic Church; he went

there to preach her truths and to save souls. From this Church he had learned that any act of charity done in Christ’s name would be eternally rewarded, and Damien could think of no greater sacrifice than to lay down his life in his efforts to evangelize the lepers. It was therefore with a view to an increase of eternal joys quite as much as with the desire to draw souls to Christ that prompted him to go to the lazaretto. How then could Damien have been the highest type of the altruist if the Church which was instrumental in sending him on his mission were antagonistic to altruism? No: it is not that you cannot understand, Mr. *Holcad*, but that you will not. Your little slur at the Church clearly shows that bigotry has clouded your reason.



#### ENGLISH.

—During the past two weeks Mr. Egan continued his lectures on “Faust” to the Literature class. Several members of the Criticism class were in attendance. The class is making arrangements for a symposium which will soon appear. The religious poets were considered, special attention being given to John Henry Newman and Dr. Keble. “Locksley Hall Sixty Years Later” was read and the reading of Miles Standish was continued.

—The Belles-Lettres class have been listening to lectures on the essay. Dr. Egan says that unconsciously we write according to rules, which have been laid down by rhetoricians, even though we know nothing of those rules.

Invention and amplification are mental processes; but construction consists in taking notes on the subject chosen. Then, after these things have been done, the essay proper is begun. The essay was considered from all points of view, and thoroughly discussed. He first proceeded synthetically, took a subject,

and built up an essay. He then looked at it from the analytical point of view and thoroughly explained all its different parts. Incidentally, a discussion on the Philistine was started. This gentleman has received a great deal of attention from the class, lately, and all its members seem disposed to rap him briskly on the head at every opportunity. The class now takes up the novel.

—In the Criticism class Professor Egan lectured on Edgar Allen Poe. He gave a rapid but very interesting sketch of this author's life and then an appreciation of his works. Poe is an example of a great genius destroyed through his own unruly passions. He was much addicted to drunkenness, and this sad failing caused his death while he was still comparatively a young man. His habits seem to have had a great effect on his literary work. It is of a weird and morbid character. He should be read with Hawthorne. His short stories are really very fine, and they are gaining in popularity every day. As a poet, the Professor thinks he is not very great. Poe considered music as everything in a poem, and paid little attention to the thought; consequently most of his poems are mere jingling lines. The Professor asked if any one in the class could explain what "The Raven" meant, but he received no answer in the affirmative.

## ART.

—The first wash-drawing ever made at the University was finished Wednesday.

—Frank Wagner has completed an almost perfect drawing of a locomotive.

—The sketching class are anxiously awaiting good weather, as it means several enjoyable afternoons in the woods.

—Several excellent drawings were finished during the week. Those of Fox, Vignos and Yglesia deserve special mention.

## MUSIC.

—The Orpheus Club are hard at work on selections for their concert.

—Messrs. Chassaing, Hennessy and Cullen have composed a band march entitled "The Hoynes' Light Infantry March."

—The Glee Club are anxiously awaiting original parodies. They are especially desirous to know who will write the college song.

—Students who intend to return next session and who desire to join the Band will please call upon the director during the week.

—Mr. Kerndt, who mastered the mandolin since last January, has joined the mandolin orchestra. Mr. Jones expects to be a member in about ten days.

## SCIENCE.

—The class of experimental physics are now repeating some of the classical experiments of Cailletet and Pictet on the liquefaction of

gases. They have a large and powerful apparatus similar to the one used by the French and Swiss savants in 1878 for the liquefaction of the so-called incoercible gases, oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, etc., by means of which they are able to get the most satisfactory results. In some of their aspects the phenomena attending the condensation of gases are the most interesting and instructive in the whole range of experimental science, as our young physicists are ready to testify.

—A few days ago, the members of the Second Chemistry class were treated to a very interesting and instructive experiment. Mercury was frozen in their presence. After having been congealed it was passed around for inspection, and looked just like a piece of lead. One of the skeptical members expressed the belief that it was lead, and so in a few minutes, after it had regained its normal condition, it was again handed to the class to satisfy the minds of the doubting. The freezing was accomplished by means of carbonic acid gas and ether. The gas is kept in a wrought iron cylinder especially made and tested under the direction of officials of the German government. The pressure which the cylinder is capable of withstanding is something enormous. While confined in the cylinder, the gas is always in a liquid state; but when allowed to escape, it takes the form of white feathery particles known as carbonic acid snow. There was a young gentleman present who wished to try the effect of this snow on his hand. It was applied, and in a few seconds he had a small spot on his hand frozen solid. This snow with ether was placed in contact with the mercury. The ether caused a rapid evaporation and thereby a quick drop in the temperature. In the course of a few seconds, the mercury was frozen solid. Mercury freezes at 40° below zero, centigrade, but a temperature approaching 100° below zero was obtained in the experiment.

The members of the class also had an opportunity to test the power of the oxy-hydrogen blow pipe. The heat evolved by the combination of hydrogen with oxygen was so great that even asbestos was burned in its flame. Steel springs and iron were rapidly vaporized, while the flame bored its way through sheets of zinc like molten iron through pasteboard. A piece of lime was put in the flame and the lime light was obtained. Several of the students obtained souvenirs of the experiments with the blow pipe.

## ENGINEERING.

—The class in Hydraulics were much puzzled over the statement that fluids of different weight placed in a vessel will arrange themselves vertically in the order of their densities, the heaviest at the bottom. They found an exception to this principle in the case of milk and water; these substances have such affinity to

one another that when placed in contact they soon intermingle, and make a uniform mixture. This has been done so often by dairy-men that it ceases to be looked upon any longer as an experiment.

—Three students connected with the Engineering Department spent a half day last week at Holy Cross Seminary, setting slope stakes to grade the hill in front of the building. It was not a difficult task, as those in charge gave an exact description of what they wanted before hand, and furnished the corps with stakes and implements necessary to do work in a satisfactory manner.

—Saturn, the second largest planet in our system, was in opposition on the 11th of this month. On that day the planet was nearest the earth. The scientific men availed themselves of this favorable opportunity to study its curious and wonderful features. This is the most interesting of all the planets. Besides eight moons, one of which is supposed to exceed Mercury in size, it has three curious, broad, thin rings encircling it, giving to the planet a most magnificent appearance. Saturn is now in the constellation Virgo, near the bright star Spica. The elevation of the earth above the plane of the rings is about 12°. The planet was observed during the past week by the members of the class, at which time the space between the two outer rings, known as Cassini's division and discovered by that astronomer in 1675, was clearly seen, besides three of his eight satellites. The class intend to observe Saturn whenever conditions are suitable for work on account of his favorable position.

#### TECHNOLOGY.

—Some young lady will receive a handsome present, as E. M. Sparks is working on an inlaid work-box.

—The students in the Wood Department, have been receiving instruction in gluing different woods together.

—The students will miss the smiling face of Bakewell; he has been called home to take charge of his father's business.

—The Mechanical Department has received from Mr. Edward Moore, of Philadelphia, Pa. (father of Francis Moore), a large photograph of the improved Green, Engine, for which they return thanks.

—Two large photographs of locomotives, one of the C. B. Q. RR. and another of the Louisville & Nashville RR. engines have been presented to Prof. Kivlan, by the Rogers Locomotive Works of Patterson, N. J.

—The students in the Mechanical Department will soon have an opportunity of studying in detail the greatest locomotive ever built, namely, the celebrated "999" of the New York Central RR. A large engraving of the engine, and all her parts numbered, has been lately presented to the department.

#### LAW.

—Many new reporters have been placed on the shelves.

—The graduating class are busily engaged on their theses.

—Doctor Miller, of South Bend, attended Moot-Court Wednesday.

—The Justice's Courts, Judge Kennedy presiding, met and disposed of several cases.

—The morning hour is now devoted to lectures on Domestic Relations. Needless to say, they are interesting.

—Last week our law reporter fell into one or two noteworthy errors in his synopsis of the opinion of the Moot-Court, in the case of Crawford *vs.* Harrington. He ascribes them to haste, and promises to exercise greater care.

—On completion of the case of Crawford *vs.* Harrington that of John Adams *vs.* Eugene Evergreen was taken up. This was a highly interesting case, and involved some nice points of law. The facts are about as follows: Adams owns a house worth \$12,000 leased to Peter Black for two years. Three months after Black went into possession, Adams, wishing to go to Europe, mortgaged the premises to Claude Corwin for \$6000, giving as security a warranty deed and receiving at the same time from Corwin a written instrument of defeasance, conditional that on repayment of the loan and interest the premises should be reconveyed to Adams. Corwin recorded the deed, but Adams failed to record the defeasance. Soon after Adams' departure, Corwin conveyed the premises by warranty deed to Charles Darwin, who in turn and at once conveyed them to Eugene Evergreen. Darwin took the premises with full knowledge of the circumstances attending the original conveyance by Adams to Corwin, but Evergreen purchased without such notice. Evergreen wished to take immediate possession of the property and make necessary improvements. So he procured an assignment of Black's lease and went into possession, paying the amount of rent due for the balance of Black's term to the agent of Adams. After an absence of three years, Adams returned in January 1894, and tendered Corwin the amount of his loan and interest and demanded a reconveyance of the property. Evergreen had stopped paying rent a year before, or when Black's lease expired, and occupied the premises under claim of complete ownership in himself. Corwin could not reconvey the property having deeded it to another. Adams, on learning what was done, demanded the rent of the premises from the date of the expiration of Black's lease; but being refused brings the action to recover the amount of \$1075. Adams sued on the theory that Evergreen is his tenant, and holds over under an implied contract to pay the rent.

The attorneys for the plaintiff laid great stress on the fact that the instrument of defeas-

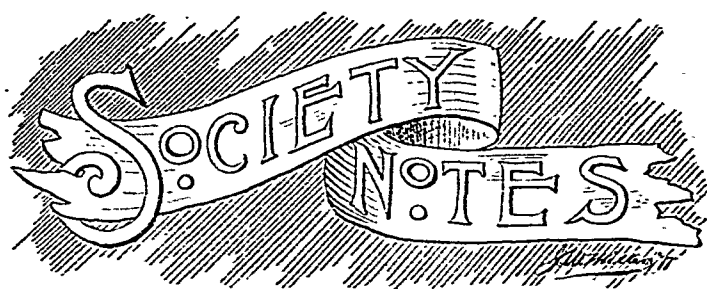
ance was not recorded, claiming that the deed and defeasance were evidence of one transaction and were inseparable; and that there was an equitable interest as evidenced by the two which prevented their being separated. They cited the statutes of numerous states in support of it. The defense set up that Evergreen was an innocent purchaser in good faith and without notice of the existence of defeasance, and as such was entitled to enjoy the peaceable possession on full ownership of the property.

Judge Hoynes in this decision said: "Notice is one of the most important points to be considered in connection with all branches of law. In this case we have to deal more particularly with registering and serving a notice. The rule of law bearing on that subject is, that if a man sells property and keeps possession, and the bill of sale or deed is not recorded, an innocent buyer may purchase it from the one who holds it, and get a good title to it. In order to protect the public, the bill or deed is put on record, and this serves as notice to the public that the property has been sold and it may remain in the possession of the seller without affecting the public rights."

With regard to the line of arguments advanced by the plaintiff to the effect that the deed and defeasance in this case are inseparable, the court does not deem it to be sound law, and the negligence of one of the parties in not putting his instrument on record stops him from taking advantage of it. The argument that the difference in the value of the property and the amount for which it was mortgaged is not to the point, as it matters not what the consideration may be—it will not put a person on his guard.

The position of the defense is correct in respect to notice; but the point to be specially considered is that of possession. Black under his lease had all the estate of Adams in the property. It was not taken by Evergreen as sublessee, but as assignee. It has been held that when a man is in possession of property, and it is about to be sold, the person is put upon inquiry as to the title of the holder. Now in this case Black remained in possession after the sale of the property, and Evergreen was put upon inquiry by the fact that Black was paying rent. From this it is quite clear that Evergreen is not an innocent purchaser, as the fact of Black's remaining in possession and paying rent was sufficient to put him upon inquiry as to Black's title. *Williams vs. Woodward*, 2 Wend., 484; 9 Con., 88. *Lodge vs. White*, 30 O. st., 569; 36 N. W., 566; 13 Atl., 122; 27 N. E., 184; 15 S. W., 588; 7 So., 431. *Lameroux vs. Myers*, 31 N. W., 331.

Judgment for plaintiff \$1075 and costs. C. M. Kreigbaum and F. J. Onzon attorneys for plaintiff, and A. B. Chidester and T. W. O'Connell for defendant.

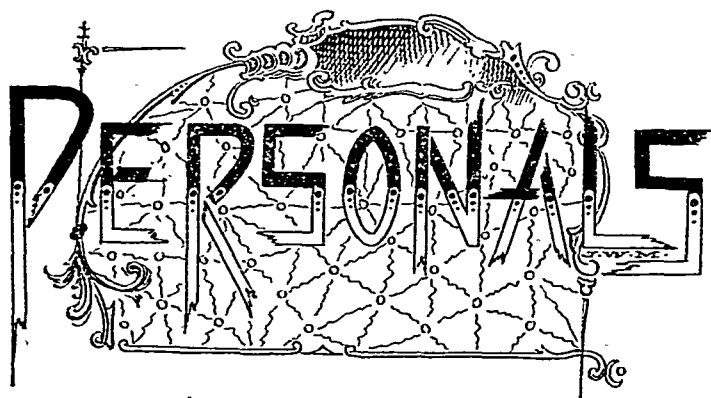


—The regular bimonthly meeting of the Athletic Association was held in the reading room on the 5th inst., with the President, Col. Wm. Hoynes, presiding. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and adopted; the reports also of the Executive Committee and Treasurer were read and on motion adopted. The Treasurer stated that there was a deplorable lack of funds in the treasury, and urged upon the members the necessity of paying in their dues. The election of two captains of the 2d nine was taken up. There were three candidates in the field: W. J. Moxley, R. Flynn, and Geo. Steinhaus. Messrs. Moxley and Steinhaus were chosen to fill the position. There being no further business the meeting was adjourned.

—The St. Cecilians held their regular meeting on the 4th inst., and it was decidedly the most interesting and exciting that has been held this year. The programme was not very long, but was well rendered. Horace Wilson gave a recitation, F. Cornell a criticism, and Elmer Murphy made the hit of the evening by his interesting sketch, entitled "A Stroll Under the Sea." After the first part of the programme had been finished a debate on the question, "Resolved, That students be compelled to report the misconduct of other students," was held. Messrs. Klees and J. Murphy were on the negative side, while Messrs. Lanagan and Weitzel upheld the affirmative. After a half hour's deliberation the judge decided in favor of the affirmative. The speech of B. Weitzel was decidedly the best on the programme.

—The Law Debating Society met recently, and the debate which had been interrupted was continued. Mr. P. White closed the argument for the affirmative, and stated the reasons why the Income Tax should be adopted. The chair, in summing up the arguments of the disputants, gave it as his decision that the contention of the negative side was the most logical and conclusive. The speech of Hon. Bourke Cockrane, delivered in the House of Representatives on the Income Tax was then read by Messrs. Cooke, McFadden and Murphy. A subject was given out for future debate by the society, as follows: "Resolved, That the public welfare would be enhanced by the enactment of prohibitory liquor laws." The disputants appointed were Messrs. M. D. Kirby, M. McFadden, T. O'Connell, F. J. Onzon, C. Owen and F. J. Moloney.

—A rather lively meeting was that which the Philodemics indulged in on the 11th of April. After the usual preliminaries had been gone through, Mr. Devanney began the literary part of the programme with W. Edgar Nye's well-known essay on "Imitation," which was very well received. But the interest of the evening centred in the debate. The subject was Capital Punishment, and the debaters were, for it Messrs. Walker and Casey; against it, Hudson and Murphy. As usual, the question was stated negatively, "Resolved, That capital punishment should be abolished," and the upholders of the present state of affairs found that they were on the negative and the others had the first and last speeches. Mr. Casey objected to this mode of proceeding, as it is an axiom in parliamentary law that the defenders of a measure be accorded an opportunity to meet the arguments brought forward by the opposition. The President was not disposed to favor Mr. Casey's objection, but after much wrangling he finally consented to allow him a speech in answer to the last of his opponents, and the debate went on. Mr. Hudson opened for the opposition; Mr. Walker followed him; then came Mr. Casey, and lastly Mr. Murphy. The debate showed careful preparation on the part of each man, but the papers of Walker and Hudson were exceptionally well written and delivered. Casey and Murphy spoke partly from manuscript, partly from notes. When Mr. Murphy had finished, the President forgot his promise of a second speech to the negative, and refused to recognize either Casey or Walker, and the debate went, half-argued, to the judges. After several minutes of consultation the judges decided for the abolition of the death penalty, and the meeting adjourned. Meanwhile, it might prove profitable to the President to remember the fate of Czar Reed.



—George Lancaster (LL. B.), '92, is in the real estate business at Birmingham, Ala.

—James Crummy (student), '76, ranks high in business and political circles in Chicago.

—Daniel Healy (student), '76, occupies the position of Deputy County Comptroller in Chicago.

—Louis J. Herman (LL. B.), '91, of Evansville, Ind., is meeting with success in the field of jurisprudence.

—John B. O'Connor (student), '93, as a matriculate in the University of Iowa, is pursuing the medical course.

—Fritz Krembs (Com'l), '91, acts as the chief book-keeper in his father's business at Stevens Point, Wis.

—Benjamin Lair (student), '89, is the proprietor of a fine livery stable at Georgetown, Ky. His business is extensive and remunerative.

—Brother Maurelian, who was secretary of the Catholic educational exhibit at the Columbian Exposition, visited Notre Dame on Wednesday last.

—The marriage of Otis Boone Spencer (B. S.), '84, and Miss Elizabeth N. Dickerson took place on the 4th inst. at Denver, Col. We wish them every joy.

—James McPhillips (Com'l), '90, was united in marriage to an estimable young lady of Chicago, on last Wednesday. Jim has our hearty congratulations.

—Francis J. Vurpillat (B. S.), '92, of Winamac, Ind., is coming to the front in his chosen profession, the law. His probity and rare ability indicate his ultimate success in the near future.

—Charles Dechant (B. S.), '93, is ensconced in the law office of his uncle at Franklin, Ohio. Charley, in his usual, quiet and unobtrusive manner, is pursuing his studies with the avidity which was distinguishable in him while at *Alma Mater*.



—The Carroll Athletic Association will have to appoint a surgeon soon.

—During the recreation hours the merry hum of the type-writer can be heard in the Law room.

—And they say he wore a dress suit. Heavens! If the Lambs find it out he will be instantly ousted.

—The Boat Club opened last Monday. The crews will soon be selected for the annual regatta in June.

—The probabilities are that in the near future one of the P. G's. will become a Benedict. Remember the standing contract, old man.

—NOTICE.—The Carroll reading-room faculty kindly requests those who have papers to spare



to put them on the table instead of tearing them and throwing them all over the floor.

—Mr. C. E. Owens left for his home in West Union, Ia., last Tuesday, where he will go into business with his father. His departure is greatly regretted by his friends here, of whom there is many.

—The Minor League organized Wednesday in the Carroll ball room. The captains chosen were, McCarrick, Whitehead, J. McPhillips, Benz, Forbing, Ledwig, D. Wright and Pendleton. The season opened Thursday.

—The first medal donated to the Athletic Association for the spring field day events was presented by Messrs. Kempner and Schaefer of South Bend. It is a beauty, and the association wishes to return thanks to the above gentlemen for the same.

—On the 8th instant St. Joseph's Hall won its third consecutive victory over Carroll Hall. The Carrollites played a good up-hill game, but were compelled to bite the dust again. Druecker's timely batting was a feature.

SCORE BY INNINGS:—1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9  
ST. JOSEPH'S HALL:—1 0 4 2 1 0 0 4 \* = 12  
CARROLL HALL:—5 0 0 0 3 0 2 0 0 = 10

—Through the kindness of Rev. Father Kirsch, assisted by Messrs. Powers and Maurus, on Tuesday evening, April 10, the Minims were given a very instructive lecture and stereopticon entertainment. Among the many views shown those describing the different ages of the world, commencing with the Archæan and ending with the Quaternary age, deserve special mention.

—On the 8th inst. Company "B" had the first drill for the prize medal to be awarded to the best-drilled private of that company. The drill was quite exciting and showed more interest than usual. After a long drill J. Shillington won. Eight more drills will be held, and then if more are needed, those who have been successful will be drilled until some one gets five.

—The game between the two "picked" nines chosen from the candidates for the Varsity team resulted in a victory for the "Whites" by a score of 8 to 7. The game on the whole was characterized by very loose playing, interspersed now and then with a brilliant play or a long hit.

Battery:—"Whites," Maynes, Sweet; "Blacks," Gibson, Bauer. Umpire, Schmidt. Scorer, P. Foley.

—While laying out the diamond recently, the engineers had occasion to reset the home plate. This was done according to the laws of professional etiquette. The ceremonies were the usual ones regulating the laying of a corner-stone. The class placed a few coins, relics and a horse-shoe for good luck under the marble base. These treasures are not great enough to tempt anyone to remove the plate; but we hope when the ball season fully opens

some of our good players may be able to "steal" it successfully.

—Notwithstanding the cold, the ball players, who have been in active training for the past two weeks, under the careful management of Captain Flannigan, played the most interesting game of the season on the 9th inst. The chief characteristics of the game were the efficient work of the infield for the "Blacks," and the strong battery of the "Whites," as well as their good work with the stick. During the second inning, Schmidt was injured, but his position as catcher for the "Whites" was amply filled by Stack, St. Clair taking the latter's position in the field. After fourteen innings of hard playing, with neither side victorious, Umpire Kirby called the game to be played off on Thursday next. The following is the score:

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14  
BLACKS—4 0 0 0 0 3 1 0 1 0 0 0 1 0 = 10  
WHITES—2 0 0 0 3 0 0 4 0 0 0 0 1 0 = 10

Battery:—"Blacks," Gibson, Sweet; "Whites," Maynes, Stack.

#### AT WATERLOO.

(A TRAGEDY IN ONE ACT.)

Scene:—The lawroom; Spike, the Valiant, discovered sitting in an attitude of deep thought; a sombre glow flashes from his deep-set eyes, as if the spirit within would fain pierce the misty clouds of the future, while even his feet, ambitious to rise above the grossness of earth, have assumed an elevated position—on a desk. A noise is heard outside, the door is flung open and E. M. R. and J. T. C. appear upon the scene, loaded with travelling bags and mud. They also bear a quantity of sand reduced by heat to a liquid state. This is, of course, invisible to the naked eye. Spike's feet descend to the floor with a dull, sickening thud, and he looks startled.

E. M. R. (*humbly*.)

O greatest lord, most noble Spike!  
Before you, see two humble slaves,  
Whose feet are sore, who, Dante-like,  
Have wandered far o'er life's rough waves.

J. T. C.

Aye, even so, most gracious sire;  
Yet, by my toga, no hearts could stand  
Against our winning ways, our fire  
And dash have conquered all the land.  
(*which translated means "lumber."*)  
And though our frames are somewhat mired,  
The little god—

E. M. R. (*Sotto voce*.)

There, that will do!  
Our noble lord is growing tired;  
And, take my word, you'd better flee  
The coop, until I can explain,  
And then my guardianship report.

J. T. C. (*ditto*.)

Come off the perch, you give me pain;  
We'll try a Vermouth *à la mort*.

(Here both culprits turn fearfully toward their master, "He Who Must be Shaved." A

dead silence ensues until E. M. R. begins to speak. All the law books immediately fall on the floor and give up the ghost in despair at his eloquence. Owing to its length, and respecting the reader's feelings, we omit the greater part of his speech.)

E. M. R. (*with great feeling*.)

And now, great sire,  
I pray the tide of your wrath we've stemmed,  
Wilt thou not speak to us, in dire  
Distress of mind? (ahem!)

SPIKE,—Condemned.

### Roll of Honor.

#### SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Carney, Correll, Cullen, Casey, Crawley, Corry, Devaney, Dempsey, Eyanson, C. Fitzgerald, J. Fitzgerald, Flannery, Hudson, Hervey, Jewett, Kearney, J. McKee, F. McKee, McCarrick, Murphy, McGarry, Mott, Powers, Pritchard, Quinlan, Schillo, Schopp, Sinnott, Thorne, Walker.

#### BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Arce, Brinker, Beyer, W. Bates, Byrne, Brennan, Burns, Bennett, Barton, Baldwin,\* Browne, B. Bates, Cullinan, A. Clark, Corry, Cavanagh, Cooke, Chassaing, Cuneo, A. Campbell, Corby,\* Dillon, Duffield, Edwards, Fagan, Falvey, Foley, A. Flynn, Feeney, Grady, Gordon, Gilmartin, N. Gibson, L. Gibson, Groff, Golden, Halligan, Herman, Hennessy, Hesse, Kerndt, Kennedy, Karasynski, Kirby, Kortas, Ludwig, Moloney, Mott, Murray, McHugh, Marmon Markum, Moxley, Manchester, Montague, Ney, W. O'Neill, O'Malley, G. Pulskamp, F. Pulskamp, Palmer, Rumely, Roby, J. Reilly, Smith, Spalding, Slevin, Stace, Schmidt, Smoger, Stack, Streicher, Vignos, Welty, Weaver, Wilkin, Wiss, White, Zeitler.

#### CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Alber, Austin, Bloomfield, Burns, Banholzer, Bacon, Benz, Clarke, Connor, Cornell, Coolidge, Clendenin, Chauvet, C. Cullen, T. Cullen, Carney, Corby, A. Ducey, Dannemiller, Dalton, Dilger, Druecker, Dixon, Davezac, Davis, Foley, Fennessy, Fox, Forbing, Fleming, Falvey, J. Goldstein, Gausepohl, Hurley, Healy, Hoban, Howard, E. Jones, Krollman, Kegler, Kasper, Lanagan, Lantry, LaMoure, Lohner, Leonard, Lansdowne, Lowrey,\* Lippman, Maurer, Munzesheimer, J. Murphy, E. Murphy, Monahan, Miles, Miers, F. Morris, W. Morris, Massey, Mills, J. Miller, J. McPhillips, A. McPhillips, McShane, McDermott\* McKenzie, Neilson, D. Naughton, J. Naughton, J. J. O'Neill, O'Mara, Patier, Pendleton, Pim, Plunket, Romero, Rockey, Reber, Reinhard, Roesing, Shillington, Swift, Strassheim, Sparks, Strong, Sullivan, Tinnin, Taylor, Teresa, Tempel, Thome, Tuohy, J. Treber, W. Treber, H. Wilson, R. Wilson, Wachtler, Wagner, Weitzel, Wigg, Ward, A. Yglesia, L. Yglesia, York, Zoehrlaut.

#### ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters G. Abrahams, Allyn, Brinckerhoff, Byrne, Bullene, Breslin, B. Clark, R. Clark, L. Clark, Croke, Cross, Christ, Catchpole, Caruthers, Corry, Cressy, F. Campau, A. Coquillard, J. Coquillard, Corcoran, Clune, Crandall, Coolidge, Davidson, Devine, G. Dugas, Durand, Dalton, Englehardt, Elliott, Everest, Egan, Feltenstein, Flynn, Freeman, Fortune, Finnerty, M. Garrity, L. Garrity, Gimble, Green, Goff, Healy, Ralph Higgins, Roy Higgins, J. Higgins, Hershey, B. Hess, R. Hess, F. Hess, Ives, Jonquet, A. King K. King, Kilgallen, Kelly, Langley, Lysle, Lawton, McElroy, McIntyre, Eug. McCarthy, G. McCarthy, J. McCarthy, R. McCarthy, E. McCarthy, McGushin, Morehouse, Minnigerode, Mox-

\* Omitted by mistake last week;

ley, Noonan, B. Nye, C. Nye, O'Neill, Ortey, Perea, H. Pollitz, W. Pollitz, Peck, H. Rasche, L. Rasche, Romero, Robb, Ryan, Shipp, G. Scherrer, W. Scherrer, Simm, Shillington, Swan, L. Thompson, U. Thompson, Terhune, Thomas, Taylor, Wagner, York.

### List of Excellence.

#### COLLEGIATE COURSE.

*Advanced Course of Christian Doctrine*—Messrs. J. Cooke, Cullinan, Duffield, Galen, Gordon, Kennedy, Kirby, G. Pulskamp, Slevin, Stace, Tong, A. Corry, O'Malley, Cuneo, Lanagan, J. Murphy; *Moral Philosophy*—Messrs. Kearney, O'Donnell, F. Carney, Thorne, Flannigan, Schopp; *Logic*—Messrs. Casey, J. Mott, Hudson, Jewett, Cullinan, Walker, D. Murphy; *Latin*—Messrs. Schopp, Cullinan, Smoger, B. Iwazewski, Kulamer, Barry, Duffy, Schür, Stace, Slevin, R. Wilson; *Greek*—Messrs. Cullinan, B. Iwazewski, Stace, Schopp, D. Murphy, O. Walker; *Astronomy*—J. Schopp; *Civil Engineering*—Messrs. C. Fitzgerald, Flannery; *Engineering Mechanics*—C. Fitzgerald; *Land Surveying*—Messrs. J. Murphy, LaMoure; *Railroad Surveying*—J. Hervey; *Chemistry*—Messrs. Marr, D. Murphy, Hudson, H. Mitchell; *Calculus*—H. Mitchell; *Analytical Geometry*—Messrs. Eyanson, Hervey, J. Murphy; *Trigonometry*—J. Lantry; *Geometry*—Messrs. Druecker, Gordon; *Algebra*—Messrs. Palmer, Hayden, H. Wilson, Druecker, Mills, Sauter, O. Wright, B. Joachim; *Belles-Lettres*—Messrs. Casey, Thorne, O'Donnell; *Literary Criticism*—Messrs. D. Murphy, Marmon; *Literature*—Messrs. Slevin, Callahan, Kennedy, Vignos, Miller; *Rhetoric*—Messrs. Halligan, Ney; *Political Economy*—J. Kearney; *History*—Messrs. Murray, Druecker, J. Corby, Sauter; *Geology*—Messrs. Kearney, Schopp, F. McKee; *Botany*—Messrs. Barrett, LaMoure, Lantry, S. Walker; *Zoology*—Messrs. Druecker, O. Wright; *Electricity*—Messrs. Druecker, Vignos, Franke.

#### COMMERCIAL AND PREPARATORY COURSES.

*Christian Doctrine*—Messrs. H. Jones, Miller, A. Yglesia, Amberg, J. Corby, Feeney, T. Falvey, Grady, Garesche, Gilmartin, Karter, Kinsella, Loser, McGarry, Markum, E. Pulskamp; *Book-Keeping*—Messrs. Monahan, C. Cullen, A. Carney, Farley, J. Goldstein, Miers, Montague; *Arithmetic*—Messrs. Gavin, Miers, Taylor, Schmitz, Lohner, Cummings, Hart, Gilmartin, Montague, DeLormier, Harris, Dwyer, Manchester, Lansdowne, Forbing, Rockey; *Grammar*—Messrs. Massey, W. Treber, Tinnin, T. Goldstein, J. Casey, Mullen, Manchester, J. Corby; *Reading*—Messrs. T. Murphy, T. Cullen, Davezac, Dwyer, Turner, Spengler, Canfield, A. Dillon; *Orthography*—Messrs. T. Murphy, Davezac, W. Morris, Dwyer, Spengler, Welty, Cochrane, A. Dillon, W. O'Neill; *Penmanship*—Messrs. Byrne, Krembs, Loser, Thome, C. Walker; *United States History*—Messrs. J. Goldstein, C. Swigart, C. A. Corry, Schmitz, Young; *Geography*—Messrs. Amberg, J. Goldstein, Wilmarth, Reber, Schmitz, Welty; *Ancient History*—Messrs. Reilly, E. Murphy, Chauvet, Gordon; *Composition*—Messrs. Gordon, Niewland, C. Cullen, J. Corby, J. McPhillips, Wagner; *Latin*—Messrs. Lantry, LaMoure, Dwyer, A. Corry, Wurzer, Gavan, Neville; *Greek*—Messrs. Niewland, Oswald, Barry, Schür, Lanagan, T. Reilly, Schumacher; *Algebra*—Messrs. Gordon, Kegler, Arce, Baldwin, Browne, Brennan, Cornell, Crane, F. Dillon, Fox, Neville, Reardon, Kakefer, Wurzer, Gilmartin, J. McPhillips, Ducey.

#### SPECIAL.

*French*—Messrs. Barry, Wurzer, LaMoure, Lanagan, J. Murphy; *German*—Messrs. Kearney, Kasper, Krueper, E. Pulskamp, H. Wilson, Druecker, Crawley, Schumacher, Loser, J. Dillon, W. Treber, D. Murphy, Weitzel, Costello, Duffy; *Drawing*—Messrs. Kunert, Correll, C. Fitzgerald, Rumely, Foley, H. Mitchell, Miller, Wagner, Fox, Strassheim.